

Epigrammatica.

[11]

992. h. 9

4

CERTAIN
EPIGRAMS,
In LAUD and PRAISE
Of the GENTLEMEN of the
DUNCIAD.

EPIGRAM I.

By Mr. W——y.

TO snarl at *Pope's* superior Lines,
Ye mortal Moderns, Oh forbear!
When *Homer*, Sun Meridian, shines,
Your twinkling Lights must disappear.

Ye *Lilliputians*! be not seen,
From *Swift's* Gigantic Wit retire;
Lest he, as once he serv'd your Queen,
Should p—fs out your Poetic Fire.

EPI.

A. Pope (d.)

EPIGRAM II.

By the same.

To Mr. POPE, on a Report that Dr. B—— was
writing against him.

DEPEND not upon Verse for Fame,
Tho' none can equal thine;
Our Language never rests the same,
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy Wreaths in Course of fleeting Hours
Too soon will be decay'd;
But Story lasts, tho' modern Flow'rs
Of Poesy must fade.

A surer Way then wouldst thou find
Thy Glory to prolong,
While there remains amongst Mankind
The Sense of Right and Wrong?

Thy Fame with Nature's self shall end,
Let future Times but know
That A——ry was thy Friend,
And B——y was thy Foe.

EPI

EPIGRAM III.

By the same.

Mr. J. M. S. ~~is~~ *catechized* on his one Epistle to
Mr. Pope.

WHAT makes you write at this odd Rate?
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.
What makes you steal and trifle so?
Why 'tis to do, as others do.
But there's no Meaning to be seen!
Why, that's the very thing I mean.

EPIGRAM IV.

On J. M. S. Gent.

TO prove himself no Plagiary, MOORE
Has writ such Stuff, as none e'er writ before.
Thy Prudence, MOORE, is like that Irish Wit
Who shew'd his Breech, to prove 'twas not besh—.

EPIGRAM V.

On the same, by Mr. Th——n.

MOORE goes two Years, and then alas produces
Some noisy, pert, dull, flatulent Abuses.
So some stale, swoln-out Dame, you sometimes find
At last deliver'd, but of what? of Wind.

EPIGRAM VI.

On the same.

A Gold Watch found on Cinder Whore,
 Or a good Verse on *Jemmy Moore*,
 Proves but what either shou'd conceal,
 Not that they're rich, but that they steal.

EPIGRAM VII.

*On Mr. MOORE's going to Law with Mr. Gilliver.
 Inscrib'd to Attorney TIBBALD.*

ONCE in his Life MOORE judges right:
 His Sword and Pen not worth a Straw,
 An *Author* that cou'd never write,
 A *Gentleman* that dares not fight,
 Has but one way to teaze—by Law.

This Suit, dear TIBBALD, kindly hatch;
 Thus thou may'st help the sneaking Elf:
 And sure a *Printer* is his Match,
 Who's but a *Publisher* himself.

EPIGRAM VIII.

*On a Lady who subscrib'd forty Pounds to TIBBALD's
 Shakespear.*

AN Empress once gave *Virgil* many a Pound;
 For what? for writing things that made her
 swoond:
 The same why shou'd not then *Sempronia* do,
 To *Tib.* for writing things that make one Sp—.

EPI.

EPIGRAM IX.

Of the Gentlemen of the DUNCIAD.

WHAT Noise, what Clamours Heav'n and
Earth infest,

Of Bards that groan, the *Dunciad* on their Breast?
So whelm'd with *Ætna*, *Typhon* heaves in vain,
And roars, and stuns an Island with his *Pain*.

EPIGRAM X.

*ANSWER to an EPIGRAM, ending,**Admire a VIRGIL, and disdain a POPE.*

IF none must be admir'd but Poets born,
Admire a HOMER, and a VIRGIL scorn;
Admire a HORACE, and contemn BOILEAU;
Admire a DRYDEN, and despise a ROWE.

But if on such as these with Scorn we look;
What must be done to WELSTED, TIBBADD, COOK?
Scorn were too little from each honest Briton;
These should be pump'd, duck'd, pillory'd, pist, and
sh— on.

EPIGRAM XI.

Martial Epig. Lib. VIII. Ep. 61.

LIvet CARINUS, rumpitur, furit, plorat;
Et quærit altos, unde pendeat, ramos.
Non jam quòd orbe cantor & legor toto;
Nec umbilicis quòd decorus & cedro
Spargor per omnes, Roma quas tenet, gentes:
Sed quòd sub urbe rus habemus æstivum;

Vehi.

Vehimurque meis; non, ut ante, conductis.
 Quid improbor, O Severus, liti? *17*
 Hoc opto, Mulas habeat, & suburbanum.

Imitated.

C——N pale with Envy lies,
 Ready to burst, he raves, he cries;
 Knits in a Noose the fatal String,
 Seeks a high Bough on which to swing.
 'Tis not my Fame this Rage has rais'd,
 That through the World I'm read and prais'd:
 Nor that my Works for Guineas sold,
 Shining in Turkey wrought with Gold,
 In every Nation spread my Name,
 Which e'er has heard Great Britain's Fame.
 But that in Turk'sham's cool Retreats,
 I lie secure from Summer's Heats
 (Where a neat House and Garden join
 To gratify each Will of mine)
 And that sometimes I take the Air
 In my own Chariot and a Pair.

O A——r, what shall I say,
 This envious Madness to repay?
 This is my Wish——Obtain may he
 Those things, and more, he envies me:
 A House and Garden near the Town,
 A Carr and Horses of his own;
 In profitable Pomp and Pride,
 With Plants and Fruits incompass'd ride,
 And to the Crowd, each Market-day,
 His Learning and his Wit display.

EPIGRAM XII.

On the Candidates for the LAUREL.

SHALL Royal Praise be rhym'd by such a Ri-
 bald,
 As Fopling C—— and Attorney FIBBALD?
 Great G—— such Servants since thou well canst
 lack,
 Oh save the Salary, and drink the Sack!

EPIGRAM XIII.

APOLLO'S Revenge on DAPHNE.

WHEN PHOEBUS gave the skittish DAPHNE Chace,
 And grasp'd a Tree in his deceiv'd Embrace;
 The God, in pique Prophetick, thus express'd
 His certain Vengeance, and the Nymph address'd:
 Thou hast, fair Vegetable, 'scap'd my Pow'r,
 But to that Form art chang'd in luckless Hour;
 Since thy coy Pride the God of Wit declin'd,
 Thy Leaves still curst shall witless Temples bind.

EPIGRAM XIV.

On the same.

IN ancient Days, when Pensions, Bribes, and
 Screens
 Were things unknown in Senate, and at Court;
 Then was the glorious Time, when Kings and Queens
 For State kept Poets, and kept Fools for Sport:
 But now Frugality, which bears such Rule,
 Joins State and Sport, a POET and a FOOL.

Or,

Or, more familiarly.

IN merry old *England* it once was a Rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That C—*a* can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

EPIGRAM XV.

On the same.

WHEN POPE display'd in pompous Rhime
The Reign of *Dullness* in our Clime;
EUSDEN (quoth he) *shall wear the Bays*,
C—*a* be *Chancellor of Plays*!
When EUSDEN stoop'd, alas! to Fate,
C—*a* upheld alone her State:
Then for one Place she gave him two;
No other Way the Goddess knew,
* *Her own out-doings to out-do.*

EPIGRAM XVI.

A Question by ANONYMUS.

TELL, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula, or Gr—*n's* Gr—*ce*?
That made a Consul of a *Horse*,
And this a Laureate of an *Ass*.

* A Line of C—*a's*.

EPIGRAM XVII.

THE Wonders of this Age to latest time
 Shall shine transmitted down in Prose and Rhime:
 For see! two equal Pens their Tribute bring;
 Old MIXON shall record, and CASSER sing.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

WELL, said APOLLO, still 'tis mine
 To give the real Laurel:
 For that, my POPE, my Son Divine,
 Of Rivals ends the Quarrel.

But guessing who would have the luck
 To be the B-day Fibber;
 I thought of DENNIS, TIBBALD, DUCK,
 But never dreamt of CIBBER.

EPIGRAM XIX.

On Tibbald's Shakespear Restored.

TIS generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy Brothers,
 To help us thus to read the Works of others:
 Never for this can just Returns be shown,
 For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

EPI

EPIGRAM XX.

On his Æschylus murdered.

ALAS! Poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog!
Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Leg.

EPIGRAM XXI.

YE little Wits, that gleam'd a-while,
When P—pe vouchsaf'd a Ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind Smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phæbus Car about,
Thus empty Vapours rise;
Each lends his Cloud to put Him out
That rear'd him to the Skies.
Alas! those Skies are not your Sphere;
There, He shall ever burn:
Weep, weep and fall! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return.

EPIGRAM XXII.

On MOORE the Plagiary.

M—R E always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what
writes,
And yet in this no Vanity is shown;
A modest Man may like what's not his own.

EPIGRAM XXIII.

*On Mr. James M—'s pretty Verses on the
Birth of the Lord Andover.*

WHAT makes, for once, 'Squire *Jemmy's* Muse
so toward?
Meer Joy to see a Cosen of NED HOWARD.

EPIGRAM XXIV,

On the Gentlemen in the Dunciad.

THE craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither Birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with Straw,
To show us, which way blows the Wind.
Thus dirty Knaves or chatt'ring Fools,
Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by half than *Dennis* 'Rules,
And point Instruction ev'ry way.
With *Egypt's* Art thy Pen may strive,
One potent Drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

EPIGRAM XXV.

*On a Marble Bust of Mr. POPE, which
provoked Mr. D. and his Brethren.*

WELL Sir, suppose, the *Busto's* a damn'd Head,
Suppose, that *Pope's* an Elf;
All he can say for't is, he neither made
The *Busto*, nor *Himself*.

EPIGRAM XXVI.

On the same Occasion.

RYSBRAKE, to make a *Pope* of Stone,
Must labour hard and sore;
But it would cost him Labour none,
To make a Stone of *Moor*.

EPIGRAM XXVII.

WHILE Malice, *Pope*, denies thy Page
It's own celestial Fire;
While Critics, and while Bards in Rage
Admiring, won't admire;

While wayward Pens thy Worth assail,
And envious Tongues decry,
These Times tho' many a Friend bewail,
These Times bewail not I.

[131]

But when the World's loud Praise is thine,

And Spleen no more shall blame,

When with thy *Homer* Thou shalt shine

In one establish'd Fame,

When none shall rail, and ev'ry Lay

Devote a Wreath to Thee,

That Day (for come it will) that Day

Shall I lament to see.

EPICRAM XXVIII.

*The MOLE. Inscribed to Mr. Welsted,
or Mr. Tibbald, no Matter which.*

DEAR W——d, mark, in dirty Hole

That painful Animal, a *Mole*:

Above-ground never born to go,

What mighty stir it keeps *below*?

To make a Molehill, all this strife!

It digs, pokes, undermines, for Life;

How proud, a little Dirt to spread!

Conscious of nothing o'er its Head;

Till, lab'ring on for want of Eyes,

It blunders into Light—and dies.

EPICRAM XXIX.

YOU ask why *Roome* diverts you with his Jokes,

Yet, if he writes, is dull as other Folks?

You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the Case,

The Jest is lost, unless he prints his *Face*.

EPI-

of Methuen P 301

EPICRAM XXX.

BURNET and Duck, Friends in spite,
 Came hissing forth in Verse,
 Both were so forward, each wou'd write,
 So dull, each hung an A——
 Thus *Amphibians* (I have read)
 At either End affails,
 None knows which leads, or which is led,
 For both Heads are but Tails.

F I N I S.

